

USSSABALO.ORG

USS Sabalo Association

Call Sign:
Clever Boy
Spring 2015

MAKE PREPARATIONS FOR GETTING UNDERWAY!?

Now is a good time to start making every attempt to get your body, bride, and budget aligned for oral reviews of Naval Submarine History & Tradition (AKA: "Inside skinny" or "NTINS") updated by Sabalo shipmates at our next REUNION:

USSVI in Pittsburgh: Sept 7-12, 2015, and Reno: late August, 2016. [Please keep Ron/Jeff aware of your plans]

HELP! Each issue of *Clever Boy* costs us about \$2 to send via US Mail , for which our shipmates listed on page 2 regularly donate money to make sure it gets to over 100 Sabalo Vets who don't have computers. These, our brothers, see it is a duty, and are honored to contribute, but ... **if you throw it away** with your junk mail, or just **don't care to read it** ... please call or send us a *No Thank-you* note so that we can save a little time and money. All WWII Vets receive mailed copies. There are currently 9 men on our "No Thanks" Roster, for various and/or unknown reasons (eg.: I don't need one) Ed]



----- Pride Runs Deep -----



Postmaster: Please return undeliverable mail to:

**Ron Gorence
2563 Roseview Place
San Diego, Ca 92105-4734**

To:



To our 58 Publication Donors — Thank You!

Your exemplification of the spirit of our Brotherhood means that 109 Sabalo vets without Internet access can receive CB! RonG Dozens of other contributors made the USS Sabalo Crew Association successful. You know who you are; thank you too— Jeff O.

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From the Tomato Basket •SABALO Db-

The DeckLog

website is still maturing as a free open-access website for Navy vets to find shipmates, reunions, crew lists, and other data (photos, patches, history & dispositions) for US Navy ships. USSVI has, to date, entered over 110,000 sub vets from military and public records, including USSVI, USSVWWII & NSL member lists, etc. Included, so far, are ~1,200 of the 1,400 men tracked by the Sabalo Association Db. Both long-term preservation of Sabalo data, and online, real-time entry for correcting/adding data. This will greatly relieve Ron and I from cross checking obsolete and/or new data constantly All listees can soon update or add to their own data online.

See: www.decklog.com/ss-302.asp

•**REUNION?**- It is less than 4 months until the USSVI Pittsburgh Convention. This is likely the last time for a while that the convention will be east of the Mississippi — especially in the NE U.S., so you guys who have asked for something closer, this is it. Please indicate your interest in either the convention or some Sabalo activities by email/phone (leave msg) at the earliest opportunity. For details see:

ussvconventionsteelcity2015.org Or usssabalo.org/Reunion_News.html

•**PERSONAL TRAVEL PLANS**- My nephew is graduating from the Air Force Academy the last week in May. Paula has decided she is fit for the trip and we will be flying to Colorado Springs for a week to attend and also visit with my sister, her husband's family and my brother Roy from Montrose, Co.

•**POST TRAVEL**- I will be finalizing the details for Pittsburgh based on your

responses, so please indicate if you will attend. So far, there will be a hospitality suite, but other plans need some number to finalize. This will need to be accomplished by 30 June at the latest. I plan to dedicate a full week attending to Sabalo matters shortly upon return. In addition to Pittsburgh planning, I will fully organize all of the Sabalo materials gathered over the last 15 years including the photos, correspondence, patrol logs, many artifacts and printed materials. The Pittsburgh Convention will be the last occasion to view all of this in one place.

Additionally, I plan to make one last attempt to review the search file for each missing man for one more attempt at determining whereabouts.

It has been a long time wish, and about two years ago I announced intention to visit the Naval Historical Center in Wash, DC where the records of the 1970-71 Sabalo sailing lists are located. These are kept there with limited access because they contain social security numbers. My personal plan no longer includes this trip. So now is the time for another Sabalo vet to step up and help the Association be a complete organization. I can supply details to do this to make it go smoothly. *We just need a volunteer.*

•**MUSEUM DONATION PLANS**- After Pittsburgh all of the collected Sabalo materials will go to some of the various submarine museums, most likely broken up to various locations. So I hope many of you will plan to see it all in Pittsburgh. **STANDING BY** for your communication
V/R **Jeff Owens ETN2(SS)**



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Odd WWII Facts

- The first German serviceman killed in WW II was killed by the Japanese (China, 1937); The first American serviceman killed was killed by the Russians (Finland 1940); The highest ranking American killed was Lt Gen Lesley McNair, killed by the US Army Air Corps.
- Generally speaking, there was no such thing as an average WWII fighter pilot. You were either an ace or a target. For instance, Japanese Ace Hiroyoshi Nishizawa shot down over 80 planes. He died while a passenger on a cargo plane.



Thru the TBT: • **Housekeeping history:** As near as we can tell right now, there have been a total of 1,480 men who sailed on USS Sabalo. Jeff Owens started counting them late in the last century, and hasn't slowed down since. At the 2009 Sabalo reunion in San Diego, I offered to help a little with a newsletter, which Jeff agreed to, and which attendees offered to finance. In the inaugural issue (November, 2009) of "Call Sign: Clever Boy" I wrote:

Jeff and I have very different goals: he has developed and continues to improve the most accurate and complete database of Sabalo sailors in the world. On the other hand, I'm just trying to capture a tiny piece of our old Crew's Mess on paper: relevant news, scuttlebutt, irreverent humor, pinging, making mole hills into mountains, and mountains into mole-hills—so that I can mentally polish my dolphins among those who understand what that means; I'd probably settle for a few dozen guys, but Jeff won't. He's a worker — I'm just playing.

Since then, whenever emailed copies of *Clever Boys* bounce, I re-send them to the guy's Post Office address, and if that attempt bounces too, I try all phone numbers we have. If all that fails, I move his name into the Insufficient Contact Data Roster (referring to him informally as "Lost"). Those sent on Eternal Patrol are also removed from the Active Publication List, and then pretty much ignored in the same way — my practical efficiency seems to horrify Jeff since he believes both these groups of men need more of our attention, not less. Both of us are probably right, but for different reasons.

That first *CB* issue went out to 415 shipmates, and after years of reversions, data changes, revisions, discussions and arguments, the current issue will be sent to 441 — a gain of 26! Not bad, considering the over 50 Eternal Patrol notices that have been published on *CB*'s back page in the ensuing 5½ years/20 issues. Our database includes another 433 Lost men and 528 on Eternal Patrol. The total (including a few who don't need/want a newsletter sent) is 1,411. USSVI's DeckLog (DL) lists all but 275 of those men, and has 68 names missing on ours — rectification would result in a grand total of 1,479 men.

• **The Future:** This means that DeckLog soon will be one master location for all your contact data and personal history — no more searching file cabinets for application data and information to give the VFW, VA, American Legion, USSVI, the Sabalo Association, etc.; it will all be in one easily-accessible place that you or your son, or grand-daughter (or that 70-year-old young chick you picked up in the bar?), etc. can update once a year or whenever you move or change phone numbers. I am hoping that before this year's out, I will be able to pull up lists of active Sabalo vets'

email or Post Office addresses from DeckLog and electronically send everyone the latest *CB*,

First, Jeff and I need to clean up the 275 men that DL is missing, and the 68 ours is short — which includes many errors, duplications and/or typos: i.e.: *Johnson, QV* vs. *Johnson, CV* (with no other data for clues) or *Lowery* vs. *Lowrey*, and *Quistorf* vs. *Quisdorf*. We will then have 95% accurate contact data on about 450 men, and hopefully will match good the current 72% accuracy on their personal data. Aside from address verification over the years I've done very little to help Jeff improve things like 36% of members missing Hometown info; or 55% with no qual date, and 12% missing a Date Of Birth. WWII heroes have died on our watch with us never even knowing their age, as a clue, until their obituaries hit us in the face. Not Good.

So, with no organized reunion this year, let's see if we can get you guys enough instruction to safely start filling in your own data for the last time at USSVI.org.

• **2015 Reunion:** If you plan to attend the USSVI National Convention in Pittsburgh, Pa. this year, call Jeff personally. Website ussabalo.org lists Larry/Marsha Sullivan, Jeff / Paula Owens and possibly Harold/Shirley Losby as planning to attend: Remove RonG. Keep Jeff informed!

• **2016 Reunion:** The USSVI 2016 gathering in Reno will be Sabalo's next gathering unless others are suggested and voted on. Send us opinions/suggestions and in future issues, we'll firm up plans and commitments based on the feedback.

• OK shipmates, I'll acknowledge that I am feeling better after doing the hamster gig on the treadmill — I've caved in and joined the Boomers who exercise on bicycles-that-don't-go-anywhere while paying an illegal to mow their lawn. That said, would one of you lifetime non-smokers please explain to me how you could possibly enjoy just sitting on the sonar dome, or the after capstan, shooting the bull — without smoking? When a beautiful woman in the bar says, "I think you're cool," how else can you buy enough time to come up with an appropriately-cool answer if you don't have a pipe to light —or at least a Lucky Strike? And, though it's not a problem right now, what the heck do you do after sex if you can't light up? I've always enjoyed a pipe after a good movie or a great meal, but now what's the best I can look forward to? a victory fist in the air? A wimpy fart? A stupid grin?

• I've always felt kind of stupid when a WWII shipmate talked about deck guns mounted on a previous iteration of a boat I'd sailed on — the summary on the next page is for others who might have felt that same embarrassment. On page 4 there are pictures of typical Control Room business, nicely framed by X-JA phone talkers across many years, and some related thoughts to ponder from the Razorback Base *Hogfish Scuttlebutt* editor, John Barr, about who relieves us.

V/R

RonG

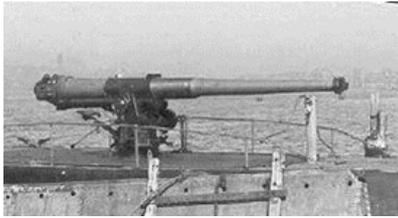
My Son's First Drink

I was reading an article last night about fathers and sons, and memories came flooding back of the time I took my son out for his first drink. Off we went to our local bar, which is only two blocks from the house. I got him a Guinness Stout. He didn't like it, so I drank it. Then I got him a Murphy's; he didn't like it, either, so I drank it, too. It was the same with Beamish and O'Hara's and Kilkeny. By the time we got down to the Irish whiskey, I could hardly push the stroller back home.

What you always wanted to know about Fleet Submarine topside armament. Deck Guns: In the 4"/50, the first number (4") is the diameter of the bore, and the second (50) is the length of the barrel in calibers: So, if one caliber = 4" and 50 x 4"=200" (16.7 feet). Similarly, the 5"/25 cannon fires a 5" diameter shell through a 125" (10' 5") barrel.



Deck Gun: 4"/50 on USS Razorback (SS-394)



A large number of fleet submarines were re-equipped with this deck gun. A former surface ship gun (these were standard main armament on World War I destroyers), it was better with regard to shell size and range, but the pedestal mount allowed only limited elevation, and the long barrel, intended to improve accuracy, was far less effective on a submarine's lively deck.

The 4"/50 was the standard deck gun on the old S-Class submarines. One of the more common complaints even in that application was that the gun was highly reliable—but only if you never submerged.

Deck Gun: 5"/25 on USS Sabalo (SS-302)



This was the first American submarine deck gun designed specifically for submarines, and proved the most effective because of this. The short barrel improved accuracy on a submarine's rolling deck, and the five-inch round was powerful enough to cause serious damage to a target.

In addition, because the gun was designed for submarine use, it was built from rust-resistant steel, and with pressure-tight fittings, to reduce maintenance. The traditional pedestal mount was eliminated, with a dual-purpose mount employed, which was both quicker training, and could elevate the barrel to 45°, making it potentially much more effective in an anti-aircraft role. (It was not, however, used in that role and no suitable ammunition was ever issued.)

Late in the war, several boats were fitted with a pair of 5"/25s, as well as a simple director system, allowing coordinated fire. The pictured gun is mounted aboard U.S.S. Cod, now docked in Cleveland and open to the public.

40-Millimeter (1.57 inches) Bofors:



Built under license from the Swedish manufacturer, the 40-mm Bofors was one of the most popular medium anti-aircraft weapons of World War II, and in a modernized form remains in production to this day. Most naval applications used a twin mount. Not originally fitted to submarines, the 40-mm was added to the arsenal when commanders argued that they needed something to fill the gap between the 20-mm and the deck gun for close-in attacks on small vessels.

The single-barrel "wet" version used on submarines had seats for the aimer and trainer, who could elevate, depress, traverse, and aim the gun with hand controls. Stops were fitted to prevent traversing and/or depressing the gun to where it could hit the boat. Sights were fitted to both sides of the gun, so that either operator could aim when necessary.

Besides its rarely-used anti-aircraft role, the 40-mm was used for attacks on supply junks and other light craft that weren't considered adequate targets for torpedoes or the main gun. (In actual practice, this was virtually the only thing it was used for, as shooting at enemy planes was highly discouraged except in harbor, where there was no possibility of submerging.)

Later in the war, a 40-mm was usually installed on the cigarette deck at the aft end of the conning tower, where it replaced the original 20-mm mount (which, in the case of most early boats, was itself something of an afterthought). Some boats also added a second 40-mm in the forward gun position at the front of the conning tower. Ready use ammunition was kept in pressure proof lockers near the gun positions, where it was easy to get at.

20-millimeter (0.787") Oerlikon: 450-320 RPM, (+) 90°, (-)15°, 360°



For a country that has been adamantly neutral for many years, Switzerland has still made its contributions to the art of war. The 20-mm Oerlikon automatic cannon is one of these. **The smallest weapon in the American arsenal firing an explosive shell**, the 20-mm was a close-in anti-aircraft machine-cannon. The shells were loaded in a drum magazine, and a single gunner aimed and fired the gun. Pressure-proof storage was provided for these guns, but it was found that they could tolerate immersion reasonable well provided the barrels were changed frequently.

Most wartime production fleet submarines originally came fitted with at least one 20-mm, on the after part of the conning tower and, after the pre-war bridges were cut down, reducing the silhouette and, in the process, creating a second gun position at the front of the bridge, a second gun was fitted. When the skippers could convince the right people, these were both often replaced with 40-mm mounts, giving an increase in both range and destructive power.

Small Arms: Subs had an arms locker for "personal" weapons where Officers kept standard issue Model 1911-A1 Colt .45 caliber semi-automatics—never the most accurate handgun, but the most effective single-shot man-stopper. Subs also carried Thompson submachine guns (same .45 round as the 1911 pistol), normally fitted with the 20-round box magazine or the 50-round drum. M-1 Garands and/or 1903 Springfield bolt-action rifles could also be found, mainly intended for shooting at float mines, and were often used for shark watch during authorized swim calls while underway.



Above: **Sound-Powered phones (far left, far right) — across seventy years — in Control Room**

Below: **Opinion stolen from the *Hawgfish Scuttlebutt* (Razorback Base, USSVI) Newsletter (Apr 2015)**

Author: John Barr, Editor

Letter John Barr wrote to the Editor of USSVI's *Submariner Magazine*. "Don't know if you have noticed this thing about DBF but decided I wanted to comment on the situation." 03/11/2015 Chuck – I noted in your message in Volume 2015, Issue 1 your efforts "to work a reasonable blend of diesel boat and nuke boat articles" I think you have done very fine work as the new editor. And I appreciate the work required based on my work on the monthly newsletter for the **Razorback Base**. Finding and/or developing articles of interest to our members is an arduous task. However I do have a concern with your perspective "on the diesel boat side That is our tradition."

The USSVI creed is, in part - *To perpetuate the memory of our shipmates* (emphasis added) *who gave their lives*, There is no mention of perpetuating the memory of a diesel boat. Certainly the Tolling of Boats ceremony does recognize each lost boat, but as a function to recognize the men that were lost on those boats.

I note that you qualified in 1963. That was 4 years after the last diesel boat, **Blueback**, was commissioned. (Exception noted regarding the **Dolphin**.) The first nuke commissioned was the *Nautilus* in 1954, 9 years before you were qualified. The **Blueback** was decom-

missioned in 1990, the end of the diesel boat era in the U. S. Navy.

In the same issue of the *American Submariner* were listed 102 members that had gone on Eternal Patrol, and, as of 6/19/14, 271 new members that are submarine veterans. The Eternal Patrol members, computing an average, qualified in 1952 and lived just over 61 years after their qualification. I was 21 when I qualified in 1964; guess I will worry about my 82nd year when that comes. On average the new members qualified in 1987. The latest year listed as qualified on the *Blueback* for a USSVI member is 1982. The list in the *American Submariner* does not show which boat members qualified on, but I would have to guess that a very large share of them qualified on a nuke. It would be necessary to analyze new versus Eternal Patrol members on a comparable basis such as yearly to really understand the mix, but the reality is that our members are increasingly coming from those who served on nukes.

Your info notes you originally qualified on a diesel boat and then served for a year or less on 3 different fast attacks. Don't know what you did for 2 years at Windsor Locks but apparently our time there overlapped. I served on one diesel boat, then nuke school followed by an

8-month deployment on a destroyer going to Vietnam. And then only 3 patrols on 2 different boomers before my 6 years was up. Certainly if I had to pick a sea duty assignment it would be on a diesel boat. There are so many memories from that 11 months, more than any I have serving on the boomers. It is definitely a different kind of adventure. Yet our tradition should be with regard to the submarine sailors, not the boats.

Pete Rathmell is undertaking USSVI Long Range Planning for membership growth and retention. Growth is going to come from submarine veterans that have served on nukes. The capabilities of the new Virginia class are ominous, but there also will be fewer submarines, and thus fewer submarine veterans for our "recruitment pool." Articles regarding submarine history, including our diesel boats, will always be interesting to USSVI members. But we need to find a way to connect with the "modern Navy" submariners for the future of our organization. Can we find some way for the Submarine Force to provide interesting articles for our publication? How can we connect with those men, and women, out there that are submarine veterans but have not joined USSVI? They are part of our tradition.

John C. Barr IC1(SS) 1962 – 1968

At the time of Pearl Harbor, the top US Navy command was called CINCUS (pronounced 'sink us'); The shoulder patch of the US Army's 45th Infantry division was the swastika, and Hitler's private train was named 'Amerika.' All three were soon changed for PR purposes.



MAIL BAG

- Count me in for **Reno**. Would love to help support clever boy. Joe Bates '59-62
- Wife and I WILL be attending convention in **Pittsburgh**. Larry Sullivan TMCS (SS) 1963-1965 (Qual Boat)
- ...outstanding newsletter...brings back memories ... something worthwhile in our ... I share w/ three sons...idea what it meant to serve. BZ. A (Ray) Reyes GSCM(SS) '65-67
- Roush's [CWO3, '57-61 youngest]: "dad has dementia ... maintains his long term memory .. love to get him **Pittsburgh** ... ensure I get info. Thank you ... all you do. Respectfully, Thomas (Chip) Roush, Jr"
- Thanks ... not able to commit due to health ... hope ... improve...attend future affairs. Dante Villa, '63-7
- "... no preference ... Wherever you decide ... talk to some of you old dudes before it's too late. Jack Donovan, Lt. '68-70
- 2/9/15 - How many of you guys were on the Sabalo in 1962 and 1963? Do you remember the typhoon where we were pushed back over 400 miles over a 24 hour period while running 4 diesels with the air intake and exhaust raised the entire time. I had the privilege of being the 1st enlisted man with 1 officer for the 1st 6 hour period; they tied us down at the look-out stations and said we will see you in 6 hours. By the way the snorkel air intake and exhaust would close every time a wave came down on top of us; also, do you remember the school of humpback whales that surrounded us on our way to San Francisco. We got a late start so we ran on the surface the entire way. The biggest whales were really close but after 5 or 10 minutes they got bored with us and left us in their wakes; we were running at 20 knots or a bit faster. This happened in the spring of 1963. I don't remember the exact date of the typhoon. I was transferred to the SSBN-629 in June, 1963 before the Sabalo went back to Hawaii. Bill Slutz FT3 '62-3
- 2/4/15- Good issue. Glad you are recovering, Alden Chace '63-5
- 2/4/15 - Noticed the name of Mike Royle [d. 12/4/14 Ed] on your missing list. I saw a writeup late last year on his life & death. Don't recall the details but I think it was on an Archerfish site. Keep up the good work. I could match your story about having problems in the head at Balboa with one of my own but modesty prevents it. ;-) Sandy Sanderlin '58-9
- No need to apologize, as far as I am concerned. I appreciate each and every communication! The more time that has passed, the more precious the memories. My time & service and experiences in submarines has made me, in part, who I am today. And I am proud of that service. Thank you for what do you for us. DBF Brian Riggs 1969
- Ron (my sea daddy),... happy you had a successful operation and wish you continued wellness and that you get better and stronger by the day. Sorry, I can not get excited about Little Rock but maybe I could be convinced since there is a boat there.
- Keep up the good work and get well. Jeff said you were told to give up the corncob pipe. That is a tall order, good luck. I am putting my money on seeing you with that thing stuck in your jaw again. Roy - Big O (Owens) '66-8
- ...going in for some work on the ticker.... like an easy exam...Ace It! Howie (Vinny) Venezia ('53-'57)
- I will not be home until the 22nd, so I think I will miss you at the hospital. Is your phone number still (619) 264-6995? I would like to give you a call. Hugs to you, my friend. Brian
- Hope everything is coming along ...I had ... 12 years ago ... back at work in a month... driving a Semi-Truck ... NY - W Coast...you will do just fine. If ... not yet,... pick-up ..."Blind Man's Bluff" ... what we ... could not tell... you will have some time ... My Best to you Jim Braun, FTG2 & YN (SS) '58-61
- ... anesthetics ... bizarre illusions ... looking down at my feet through tunnel vision and ... my left foot... backwards. One told me I was what they call a "cheap date" May you emerge w/good stories to tell."Mike Elzinga, ETR2(S) 59-61
- Ron, sorry to hear about your heart problem. Hang in there & make the best of it. You have a lot of Sabalo news to write about, Jerry Dunnagan, '61-3
- ... was with Ron just a few weeks ago in VEGAS! ... Hey, we're still too young and still has a lot of "sailing" to do! Here's wishing he gets up and is ready once again."BIG TRINI" Enrile Trinidad, EMCM(SS) '62-4

I Don't Know Nothin' About Harley's Periscope

I spent a couple of months each side of Christmas, 1960 aboard the USS Bashaw (SSK-241), a diesel submarine commissioned during the war. She was in Pearl Harbor undergoing a mini-overhaul. Not enough to go back to the West Coast for a full six-month overhaul, but enough work to keep her off SubPac operating schedules. Yard-birds were forever installing more sophisticated sonar gear in the enormous bulbous nose which stood in place of a normal wave-cutting Guppy II bow.

The Officers and Crew were surprised when I reported aboard as a third-class Quartermaster because the ship had a complete complement of QM's, with no billet for me. The Navigator suggested that I might be interested in running the deck gang; if not, he would go through service-records to determine seniority and move another QM. As a veteran boat-

sailor, I had no problem with that. In those days, the guy who polished the thunder-jugs in the head, which the deck gang did underway when there was no working on deck, was as proud as the one who plotted the ship's course. Keeping shipmates from picking up VD or some odious plague from a toilet seat was at least as noble as keeping your ship from a graveyard of rusting hulls on a Pacific atoll. I accepted the deck assignment.

The Submarine Navy conducted sort-of informal covert security tests in those days. To ensure that no foreign agent could breach a ship's security, the boat crews continually practiced midnight raids on one-another and on the civilian support buildings. Daylight excursions were particularly insidious because the perpetrators generally were sober and extraordinarily sly. A shiny wooden plank with the ship's name in

brass hanging on the sail-handrails, or painted on a canvass sign and hung from the brow stanchions, was a common target in the constant drive to improve attentiveness among topside watchstanders. But mooring lines, heaving lines, ship's logs, below-decks-watch check off lists, and deck wrenches exchanged ownership frequently. A ship's bell was a particularly significant trophy because it symbolized the submariner's reputation for stealth. It was guarded more tenaciously than an armed MK-14 torpedo left on the topside deck because its capture symbolically took away a ship's very name. One of the seamen in the deck gang, Harly, was a kid who knew nothing of Naval Security before my tutelage, and I took him and the gang under my care; his name haunts me, even now, from time to time.

It was a couple of weeks into my new assignment when the Bashaw's chrome bell disappeared. It was engraved with the ship's name and hull number so, if we could locate it, proof of ownership was certain. I immediately told Harly to go find it, and he returned after a full day sadly shrugging his shoulders. I assured the Chief of the Boat that I was certain that we had checked out every ship on the Sub Base. At the time, he was busy chewing out someone, but he kindly interrupted himself for my benefit, and informed me that the COB was much too important a person to listen to sob-stories. He put his hand on my shoulder in a fatherly way (but without fondness) and told me, with verbal punctuation too colorful to repeat, that Bashaw was going out to test our new BQS-something at sea in exactly four days . . . at which time we would have an engraved Bashaw-bell . . . or I would spend the rest of my career in sickbay. Of course, having been anxious to test my relatively-new Third-Class Petty Officer authority, along with the new leadership skills the COB had demonstrated, I went topside and grabbed Harly by the shirt collar.

"I don't wanna hear that, 'I did my best,' crap! A fish out of water does its best to swim, but that don't impress nobody! The Old Man signed an emergency requisition. Find out what's holding that up. Get another chit. Talk to somebody in supply. Check with base security. Get a piece of brass and start chiseling" . . . I had to take a breath, **"I don't want to hear you say 'can't' again; can't ain't in your vocabulary. You got until taps tomorrow night to get a bell hung up on the front of the goldam doghouse."** Harly was cowering now, **"If we ain't got a bell by then, I'm gonna lend you to the black-gang. You'll spend the next month in the Forward Engine room lower-flats scraping greasy bilges till they shine and you stink."** He walked ashore, across the brow, with a look that changed from fear to hate and then to what I desperately hoped was determination.

Next morning at breakfast, someone said, "Nice bell, Gorence. Where'd you get it?" So I scrambled up the ladder to topside and there it was - glistening like gold. Took about ten minutes for Harly to tell me how he'd gotten it. He'd swapped twenty pounds of ground coffee for a pallet of five-gallon cans of zinc-chromate primer. Then he traded for an eight man inflatable Marine Corps Recon rubber boat -- I lost track somewhere between the guts for an auxiliary-gyro and a set of Fairbanks-Morse valve rings.

The COB got back to nodding in a fatherly way at me again; he was particularly pleased that our new brass bell required elbow-grease to keep it shined -- as opposed to the old

chrome model. When the First Lieutenant in charge of the deck-gang asked me how I had managed to do it, I pushed out my chest: "Harly swapped a few tins of coffee for eighty gallons of paint, and then . . ." He cut me off, "Never mind," He put his hands to his ears, "I don't need to know. I never asked!"

Always ready to hone my leadership skills and to learn by example, I developed a unique relationship with Harly. Whenever I hinted that we might be able to use a such-and-such, it appeared magically, but I insisted — strongly — that the details were his business alone and I adamantly respected his privacy. Even when he insisted on telling me, I never heard a thing.

The normal supply channels had always seemed cumbersome and slow. The bureaucrats in Washington had set up controls which unintentionally included incentives to double-order everything to counter red-tape delays, and even to throw mistakes over the side—because erroneously-shipped items required more paperwork to return than to order in the first place. Ensigns often walked important items through the requisitions system in the priority Nuclear Navy. Bit for diesel boats, hoping that a requisition would get filled before equipment obsolescence was sort of like throwing virgins off the sail in an attempt to calm angry seas. Our job was to keep the diesel boats running (incidentally saving Uncle Sam/ Bashaw thousands of hours' clerical time) and the term was *cumshaw* (not to be confused with *scrimshaw* — a completely different fine-art). *Cumshaw* is as old as the Navy; but its use peaks in response to chaos. I suspect that Rickover's top-priority nukes were often supplied at a snail's pace by comparison. They had horsepower; but we had Harly.

Harly tried to tell me one day about a project he was working on in his off-duty time. "You have a periscope?" I normally didn't want to hear, but he'd hooked me, "What do you mean, 'a periscope'?"

"Yeah, it's over in the torpedo shop." He was really proud, "Wanna come see it? You can watch the Marines change guard at the Main Gate."

"You mean somebody lets you use a periscope for . . ."

"No." He interrupted strongly, "It's MY scope. Come on, I'll take ya over."

I asked him what in hell he wanted a personal periscope for, and he said something about being fascinated with optics. I knew I was getting into shoal waters so I grabbed his arm and said, "No! No more. Don't tell me anything. Nothing. Never!" He looked disappointed, but I finally convinced him that I could be proud of him even if I didn't know anything — *especially* if I didn't know anything.

Years later, I read that someone had been arrested for selling diesel-submarine battery cells to civilians over in Honolulu from the Sub base. Of course, smuggling one-ton acid-filled monstrosities past the Marine gate-guards had a familiar sounding M.O., and, as I said, Harly haunts me still.

Most of my short time aboard Bashaw was in port, with exception of a few sea-trials in Hawaiian waters. Other boat sailors scoffed at the enormous bone she carried in her teeth when she was surfaced, a constant tidal-wave pushed ahead like a Colorado snow-plow in slush, but they had a healthy respect for the fact that she could hear things underwater like no other ship in the world. The "K" in her designation stood for "kill-

er." Killer-sub hunters hunted other submarines, so their scoffing tended to be muffled. My old boat, Razorback could make over twenty knots in fair seas, as could my last boat Sabalo, but I never saw Bashaw make over twelve. Nukes could outrun them all, but in those days, they sounded like runaway submerged locomotives and couldn't have sneaked up on a buffalo stampede. Speed wasn't her strong card, but I had learned to appreciate her unique capabilities, and nearly managed to establish myself as a member of an expert crew; I had just begun to look forward to a leisurely six-month West Pac trip with good friends, when I received orders to the Swordfish (SSN-579). Apparently, she was shorter of QM's than we were.

Swordfish was a fast-attack nuclear boat. The nukes had recently broken through ice at the North Pole, and made many transits under it. Several had cruised around the world at record speed so I sensed adventure. The Navy had finally realized that they needed me at the new frontier. I was going to a better place than smoke-boats. I was to be in a more modern Navy, more sophisticated. Maybe I was luckier than these poor diesel slob, or maybe my hard work and dedication had paid off. I was full of myself and elated — until I found out how rough it was to say goodbye to those proud specialists

crewing Bashaw. They were testing advanced sonars only to see if it was good enough for the nuclear navy, and they hadn't even been asked to teach anyone how to use it. Talk about unappreciated! Now, when I see a modern submarine movie, or visit a newer Sub, I marvel at the magical Sonar scans, scopes and waterfalls; I also wonder: *Those Bashaw Sonarmen knew every noise made by sea-life, and could identify every boat or ship they'd ever tracked—how did Sean Connery and DARPA ever manage to put all that on a TV tube? And, what did they miss? Are current Sonarmen aware of the ghosts inside their displays?* The emotional experience in leaving Bashaw convinced me that "better place" was not the right term when I applied it to Razorback and Bashaw and then to Swordfish, nor for two boats after her. Twelve, twenty, or fifteen-knots are measures of speed, not importance. Of the five boats I served aboard, Bashaw was the shortest tour (4 months) proving once again, *better* and *worse* are mighty weak words compared to *different*. Anyway, the most important memory of Bashaw was the cumshaw expert I trained, but...

I lost track of Harly because if he ever made it into the Nuke Navy he was either promoted to a Division Supply Officer or was made brig trustee. I didn't travel much in either circle. RonG

Where did they go? Author unknown

They were famous throughout the Navy. The Gut in Barcelona; East Main St. in Norfolk; Flatbush Ave in Brooklyn; , The Combat Zone in Boston; The Pike in Long Beach; Market Street in San Francisco; Bank St. in New London; Broadway in San Diego; Hotel (s**t) St. in Honolulu; The Honcho, Skivvie Ally, Stardust and White Hat in Yokosuka, China Town and Sakuragi-cho in Yokohama; Wanchai in Hong Kong; Buggis St. in Singapore; Magsaysay in Olongapo; and all the other places where fleet sailors congregated.

People ask, "Where did they go?"

Well shipmate, they didn't go anywhere. You are asking the wrong question. You should ask, "Where did all the fleet sailors go?"

Long ago, on payday night and in the nights following, these streets were a paradise to the North American Blue Jacket. A person could look down the street and see neon signs advertising beer and bars and a sea of white hats bobbing up and down as sailors made their way from bar to bar. At liberty call these became a shopping center for intoxicating beverages and sex.

And in some places a PO2 could get that new First Class crow sewn on or that old Third Class crow sewn back on. No need for crows these days. It is all collar and hat devices. Hell, I don't see much need for dress canvas these days. The only time I see it worn is when a ship is leaving or returning from a deployment.

With all the straight sailors and females, the gays and lesbians and "don't knows" aboard these days, I figure sailors are shopping for sex closer to home.

The smoking lamp is cold and probably over the side or being saved for recycling or Mary Soo (forget her, CumShaw is Fraud, Waste, Abuse or misappropriation of government

property. I'll tell a story about the consequences of CumShaw some time). Instead of trading useless gear to Mary Soo for painting the ship, the Navy now recycles and lets a multi thousand-dollar contract to get the job done.

Smoking is now frowned upon. Surface ships limit smoking to a tiny, uncomfortable topside space. My shipmates in the Bubble Head world can no longer smoke anyplace aboard the boat. Municipalities and states have also jumped on the bandwagon and banned smoking in bars and restaurants.

Drive past any bar or lounge and you will see a group standing on the corner smoking and no, they cannot bring their drinks outside. It is against the law to drink in public. Drinkers are now pariahs in our modern Navy.

The clubs are closed. They no longer exist or have been converted to MWR game rooms where the strongest drink available is a lousy Red Bull.

Quarterdecks of ships, in addition to a podium, log books, long glass, and weapon are now equipped with a Breathalyzer and probably a watch stander to operate it.

Many commands are requiring that sailors refrain from drinking the day prior to a duty day.

Back in the day, a sailor ashore knew that his shipmates had his back. Whether in a confrontation with a sailor from another ship, marines, or Limeys, he knew his shipmates would stand with him.

Too much to drink? A shipmate would help you back aboard and even help you to your rack. You would do the same for him. These days, you are assigned a "Liberty Buddy." You are to stay together and, I guess, keep each other from drinking or smoking.

With the repeal of "Don't Ask, Don't Tell", I guess a dalliance with a "Rump Ranger" would be okay. But, before you

go ashore, you have to formulate a "Liberty Plan" and get it approved by your Department/Division Liberty Coordinator. If during your liberty, you or your Liberty Buddy change your plan, you must contact your Liberty Coordinator and get the change approved.

I surmise that, "I'll be in the Barrio some place getting screwed." would not be an acceptable liberty plan. Always worked for me!

They were more than streets and bars. First and foremost, they were the repositories of small bits and pieces of the history of America's forces afloat. They were the unofficial club-houses of those of us who went to sea on old gray steel under the flag of the United States.

They were places where a thirsty bluejacket could go and park his butt where sailors of earlier fleets had parked theirs.

They were the poor man's Valhalla, where lads who plowed deep salt water could go and share fellowship and sea stories with fellow practitioners of the nautical arts... A place where well-intentioned

exaggeration and bulls**t-gilded flawed recollection were readily forgiven and accepted.

They were places where lonely strays could tie up alongside a warm feminine fanny on a cold night... For a few bucks, and sometimes love.

Where did the streets and the bars go you ask?

Where the hell did the real sailors go?

So what could possibly go wrong?

Congressional Controversy: Naming Submarine for President Barack Obama

[Reprinted with permission of author and publisher: Thomas Foster, The Oahu Oracle, February 7, 2015]

Two members of the U.S. House Armed Services Committee, both from Hawaii, have created a controversy by suggesting that a future Virginia class submarine be named after Barack Obama. The U.S. Navy has several Virginia class attack submarines currently in service. Others are under construction and more are scheduled for construction. The Committee members' recommendation is that the submarine designated SSN-844 be named after President Obama in recognition of his place in history as the first African American and first native son of Hawaii to be elected president.

Precedent exists for naming a submarine for a living president with the **USS Jimmy Carter, SSN-23**, which was commissioned in February 2005. However, naming submarines after living persons is unusual. The Los Angeles Class attack submarines were named for cities. Starting with the Ohio class ballistic missile submarines, all submarines have been named after states. Beginning with a new class, the **USS Virginia, SSN-774**, commissioned in 2004, attack submarines have also been named for states. The third Virginia class submarine commissioned was the **USS Hawaii, SSN-778**. [One notable exception was the **Hyman G. Rickover, SSN-709**, named after the father of the nuclear submarine Navy.]

However, traditions in submarine nomenclature are subject to change. **SSN-785** is named the **John Warner**, after the former Secretary of the Navy and long-term senator from Virginia. More recently, **SSN-795**, will become the second **Hyman G. Rickover**; the former **SSN-709**, which bore his name, was decommissioned in 2006.

Aircraft carrier nomenclature carries a strong tradition of naming ships after presidents. These include the **Harry S. Truman**, the **Ronald Reagan**, the **George H. W. Bush**, and the **Gerald R. Ford**. Indeed, construction has begun on the second **John F. Kennedy**. [The first **John F. Kennedy**, the last of the conventionally powered carriers, was decommissioned in 2007.] Construction of only one more carrier is planned at this time. She will be named the **USS Enterprise, CVN-80**, which is the same name given to the first nuclear powered aircraft carrier. It is the third aircraft carrier with that name.

The Navy is building many more submarines than aircraft carriers, a fact noted by the House Armed Services Committee members. Because the number of new submarines to be constructed is not limitless, naming them carries prestige. Thus the Committee urged that **SSN-844** be designated the **USS Barack Obama**. Commissioning of that submarine would occur after President Obama's second term in office has ended.

Debate will ensue about naming a submarine for President Barack Obama before a decision is reached. Already, energetic discussions have begun, with expressed preferences for other names. In fact, too few submarines may be commissioned in the near future to satisfy all suggestions. These include, among others, George H. Bush, Dick Cheney, and the initial female name proffered, Condoleezza Rice. [Editor's Note: Submariners will undoubtedly follow the nomenclature debates with interest.]

Chief Petty Officers! Admiral William "Bull" Halsey

At the end of WWII, all the towns and cities across the country were looking for a "Hero" to celebrate America's victory with. Los Angeles chose Admiral Halsey and had a ceremony on the steps of the LA County courthouse to honor America's hero and at the end of it when Admiral Halsey was leaving, they had a line of sideboys. The sideboys were active duty and retired Chief Petty Officers that had been brought in from all over the country who had served with Halsey at one point in their careers.

Admiral Halsey approached one of the retired Chiefs, and they winked at each other. Later on that evening at a reception for the Admiral, one of the civilian guests at the event asked him about the wink he shared with the Chief. Admiral Halsey explained,..... "That man was my Chief when I was an Ensign, and no one before or after taught me as much about ships or men as he did. You civilians don't understand. You go down to Long Beach and you see those battleships sitting there, and you think that they float on water, don't you?"

The guest replied, "Yes, sir, I guess I do."

To which Admiral Halsey stated,..... "You are wrong. They are carried to sea on the backs of those Chief Petty Officers."

The Sabalo Association These men have only ONE WAY to be contacted. If that changes, they are LOST to us!

Your PO Address is OK but if you move, you'll be LOST; Send us at least your phone #				eMail is OK, but Send us a PO Address & Phone # or you'll be LOST
Alcantara, Emmanuel:	Hoatson, Lee	Leach, Thomas	Mahoney, Geo	
Beatty, John	Hotes, Wm	Ledwidge, Joe	Post, Meryle	
Edens, James	Huckfelt, Larry	Linder, Roy	Saga, John	
Ferguson, CF	Koca, Gerald	Macaranas, B	Viduya, Napoleon	

Sabalo LOST Contact Data

Shipmates with NO KNOWN Address, Phone Number, or Obituary. Unfortunately, anyone who changed their address without letting us know is added to this list, and will no longer receive *Clever Boy*. Please continue to contact Jeff or Ron with clues—without your help we'll soon only have the obits to search, as the clock keeps ticking. Each issue cycles thru the next ~100 men. Following are 105—Shields - Zehren, and Abbotts - Baler. J, — of the 433 men we can not contact (*Lost*).

Shields, JL (J	Smith, Willi	Thomas, Lawre	Wallace, Franc	Williams, Thoma	Abrahamson, Carl
Shillings, Billy	Solari, "Vinc	Thompson, Harol	Wallace, Willi	Williams, Willi	Adams, Terry
Shultz, GF	Soriano, Manue	Thompson, HE	Walter, John	Wilson, Floyd	Akazawa, Shuji
Siegel,	Southerland, Micha	Tolliver, Frede	Warnick, Steph	Wilson, John	Alexander, Jack
Sigler, Willi	Spailer, John	Tow, Micha	Warren, James	Wilson, Rober	Alexander, Rober
Slack, Denni	Spears, Sidne	Trapp, Steve	Watson, Jack	Wilson, Roy S	Alonzo, Frede
Slocum, Richa	Sprout,	Traver, Danie	Watson, Rober	Wilson, Willi	Anderson, Andre
Smith, A C '	Stauffer, EA	Treadway, Rober	Wayte, Arthu	Winkler, Frede	Ansaldi, Valde
Smith, Charl	Stephens, Rober	Trefelio, Elvir	Weaver, JB	Wood, Georg	Appel, David
Smith, Dougl	Stevens, Harry	Triplett, Georg	Whitaker, Franc	Wood, Kirk	Armstrong, Thoma
Smith, Edwin	Sullivan, James	Turner, Thoma	White, HW	Wright, Rober	Arquilla, Augus
Smith, Frank	Sumich, John	Urvin, Edwar	White, Kenne	Yackle, John	Ashook, Micha
Smith, Henry	Tapanila, Theod	Vandiver, Venic	White, Rober	Young, Adris	Bacong, Fredd
Smith, Jack	Tarpy, Patri	Victoria, Linus	Williams, Alvin	Young, Richa	Badget, Kenne
Smith, Jerom	Taylor, Billy	Villalobos, Pedro	Williams, Harve	Zarate, "Art"	Baker, James
Smith, Lawre	Taylor, DL	Vorce, Richa	Williams, James	Zehren, Donal	(First names are truncated to 5 letters for space)
Smith, Malco	Taylor, Steve	Walker, Willi	Williams, Nelso	Restart at A	
Smith, Victo	Tesoro, Jose	Wall, Rober	Williams, Thelb	Abbotts, John	

NTINS: Hogan's Alley by Bob 'Dex' Armstrong

Remember "The Alley"? On Requin, it was six racks in the after battery - out-board - aft of the well manhole. Home of the most senior, most worthless non rated wild men on the boat. The nest where every hair-brained prank, underhanded scheme, diabolical plot and stupid idea germinated, hatched and blossomed forth. Yup, you got it - the Varmint Pit.

The ringleader of this band of unrepentant idiots was known as the Mayor of the Alley. The motto was: "If you ain't heard a good rumor in four hours... Start one." In the annals of Naval history, Hogan's Alley ranks right up there with pirate dens and the foc'sle of the HMS Bounty. A rat hole whose only redeeming feature lay in the fact that the ward-room always knew where the 'usual suspects' were camped out and could be rounded up. On Requin, it was known to anyone above Ensign as the 'Headache Factory'.

To say the Alley was an untamed dump would be a master stroke of understatement. If they had not invented Aqua Velva, we couldn't have stood ourselves. After more than two weeks of no show-

ers... You know, the point where you could throw your socks at the goat locker curtains and they would stick. If it wasn't for Aqua Velva and Lucky Tiger hair tonic, we would have been overcome by the smell.

No human beings should live like we did. I have no idea what the size of the accommodations were that they gave Jeffrey Dahmer, but you can bet your fanny it was a helluva lot more than we had in the Alley. It was so small, the gahdam roaches stood four on and eight off.

You could get anything in the Alley. The Alley was the control point for contraband, a stash of sea store smokes that never ran dry, a library of pornographic and well worn cowboy paperbacks that the Library of Congress envied, and an award winning reel of Road Runner cartoons stolen from 16mm sea print films and spliced together into a two hour display of spectacular stupidity. the 'After Battery Road Runner Extravaganza' was beyond the shadow of a doubt, the best kept secret of the entire Cold War. Over several years, dozens of non rated members of our submersible forces afloat par-

ticipated in a project to surgically remove all visual evidence of Mr. Beep Beep and Mr. Coyote from as many sea flicks as came aboard and assemble them into what became known as the 'Big Mother'. You could run a full charge on both batteries in less time than it took to run the Big Mother.

The only rule was the OD must be fully copped out before Big Mother could leave her secure perch in the after battery ventilation lines. Death would have been one of the lesser penalties that would have been paid by any sonuvabitch revealing the existence of Big Mother... The Alley Mafia was the all knowing, all powerful enforcer of the highly regarded legal system, known as the 'Code of no Crow'. Anyone who crossed that invisible division point and entered the Kingdom of the Crow, became instantly socially unacceptable, forfeited his right of association and was evicted from all of the side lockers and other real property he had managed to homestead, weedle or otherwise occupy in the land of nonsense and rarely condoned activity. To divulge the details of anything going on

in the Alley was an invitation to have the major element of one's manhood promptly nailed to a line locker lid.

I don't want to convey the impression it was, 'Eat, or be Eaten' in the Alley... Far from it. The Alley was a benevolent society formed for the self protection of the lowest forms of submarine life... The Cub Scout den for the kids from the other side of the tracks... Like a leper colony where you went to commiserate with your fellow lepers and fantasize about Chief Petty Officers being eaten by sea life with big teeth.

We took care of our own. I was once in Portsmouth Naval Hospital following the removal of my appendix... Three inmates of the Alley made it past 30 ferret-eyed nurses, carrying a beautiful vase of daffodils resting nicely in two quarts of draft beer. We called them shipmates, one of the most honored and dearly earned terms in the English language. I would draw my last dime out of the bank to buy an airline ticket to go pump a pint of blood for any sonuvabitch who ever called me shipmate. All you fellow bubbleheads really understand what I mean.

I remember one night, we pulled in from God knows where... Doing ping time for Navy pilots who dropped PDCs

(practice depth charges) on us and made sleeping damn near impossible. It was late when we secured the boat and the married guys got stand-bys out of all the single guys... Another day in Paradise. After the charge, the OD had a cup of coffee, bid us a pleasant evening and turned in for the night.

"Gentlemen, the OD has just planted the idea that we have a pleasant evening..."

We then decided our idea of a pleasant evening called for pooled resources and cold beer next to the screw guards. We were simple people who enjoyed simple pleasures... On E-3 pay, the simpler the cheaper. We pooled resources, turned over the pilfered dog-eared community controlled liberty card and sent the guy who lost the coin flip, for beer.

In Norfolk, there was a locally brewed product known as 'Banner Beer'. It came in short brown bottles or cans, with a label showing a waving blue pennant with 'Banner Beer' in big white letters. The label went on to say that Banner Beer was a "Masterful representation of the Brewer's Art". What Banner actually was, was living proof that man had mastered the art of bottling fermented sheep dip and selling it for a dollar thirty a six pack. The beer arrived... We had combed

our lockers for floating change resulting in enough for 3 six packs. We knew the drill... Drag a CO2 extinguisher topside to cool the cans... Put the loose cans in a weighted laundry bag that could be deep-sixed if the duty OD woke up in the middle of a Rita Hayworth dream and decided to have a smoke topside. Experience indicated that our wardroom contained no commissioned personnel so bent on ass chewing opportunities that they would scuba dive for evidence. We never considered the question that would be posed by six shirtless men congregated around an obviously recently discharged fire extinguisher.

There we were, the Navy's finest... Sucking suds with a million stars overhead. Some animal speaks, "Gentlemen, I give you a beautiful night..." Beautiful night Hell, maybe an acceptable moment. My idea of a 'beautiful night' ain't got nothin' to do with drinking cheap beer, with a bunch of ugly bastards, at a time of night when the only people running around are burglars and whores. That was the closest we ever got to. "I love you guys..." But it speaks volumes for the lads who rode boats and lived the legend of the final days of the diesel boat Navy.



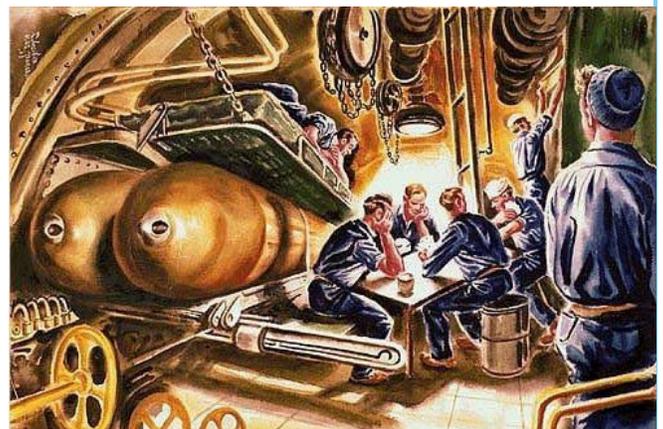
WE ARE SUBMARINERS [*Stolen from the "Signal Ejector", the newsletter from Mobile Bay Base USSVT Ed*]

We are not the first of them and we will not be the last. Our heri- continues forward into an unseen future. Each generation is trained more use for submarines, which will be never. If one of us goes with the men there; they are us and we are them, for we are the ked in our coffins, we are the same. We are and forever will be sub-

We can have everything taken from us, uniforms, medals, our san- others and ourselves as a submariner. This status cannot be re- on our blazers now or later pinned on molding uniforms in our men that stepped forward and worked long and hard to become sail down deep into dark and always dangerous waters. We do this calculation and care.

We challenge the dangers with training and practice. We know that the time for bravery will come when two shipmates have to shut themselves in a flooding compartment, knowing that the whole boat and crew depends on them alone to control the flooding.

We believe in each other, because we must. Alone at sea, the crew and a pressure hull are all we have to reach the surface again. Men with confidence in each other dive and surface submarines countless times. Each man trained by others holds the lives of those shipmates in his hands. Dolphins are the qualification symbol of this tradition. Submarine hulls have numbers and men have hearts and souls. We carry those numbers in our hearts in life, and they mark our souls in death. Dolphins are the symbol of this. Our Dolphins are the ultimate insignia; no other symbol matters or means to us as much as they do.



LITTLE KNOWN FACTS about submarines:

1st Japanese casualty to American arms during WW-II was an aircraft shot down on Dec. 7th, 1941 by the Tautog (SS199)

1st Pearl Harbor boat to be depth charged was the Plunger(SS 179) on Jan. 4, 1942 - 24 charges.

1st "down the throat" shot was fired by Pompano on Jan. 17, 1942.

1st submarine force casualty suffered in WW-II was G. A. Myers, Seaman 2, shot through the right lung when Cachalot (SS170) was strafed during the Pearl Harbor raid.



- 3/9/2015 - Warren Paul Johnson, LT, USN. Aboard 1963-3: Qualified on 302 —former MM3(SS)
- 3/19/2015 - Robert Francis Giovannucci, EMP3(SS) Aboard 1951 (on unable to contact list)
- 12/5/2014 - Michael James Royle, RM2(SS) Aboard 1963

Sabalo Eternal Patrol Roster (Whitall - Zarate & Abbey-Cook) 104 of 528

Whitall, Raymo.1996	Amundson, Rober.2006	Becker, Rober.2013	Bush, Frank.2012
Whitehead, Jacki.1976	Anderson, Archi.1979	Belanger, Paul .1999	Bushman, Wayne.2010
Whiting, Willi.2000	Andrade, Allen.1997	Belmont, Josep.2014	Bushnell, John .1999
Wilburn, Roy J.1996	Andrews, James.1996	Bennett, Gus F.1999	Cajka, Antho.1988
Wiles, Jesse.1999	Applington, Lee D.1986	Benson, Walte.2008	Cameron, Willi.??
Wilkinson, Eugen.2006	Archer, Lewis.2005	Billesbach, Laure.2003	Campion, Paul .??
Willhite, Arnol.2007	Arndt, Thoma.2012	Billick, Dan R.2010	Cantwell, Willi.??
Williams, Foste.1972	Artates, Romul.1999	Blanco, Charl.1994	Capper, Charl.1996
Williams, Rober.2003	Ash, Keith.2004	Boerke, Rober.1998	Carney, Willi.1990
Witt, Rembe.1993	Atiburcio, Joaqu.2002	Bolton, Rober.1996	Caroff, Kenne.1979
Witzke, Victo.1994	Aust, Gary .1982	Bonser, Richa.1999	Casanova, Jack .2004
Woodward, Mahlo.1990	Baber, Goldi.2014	Bosley, Paul .2001	Casey, Henry.2008
Woodward, Nelso.2006	Baggett, Waymo.2008	Boswell, Raymo.2007	Charlton, Conra.1993
Yaden, Ralph.1977	Bagwell, Steph.1998	Bouton, Samue.1985	Clark, Charl.??
Young, Elias.1973	Bagwell, Willi.2011	Boyd, Ronal.2004	Clark, Orvil.1998
Yutze, Otto .1997	Baker, Curti.2006	Bradley, Van T.1970	Clark, Willi.1977
Zarate, Josep.2012	Balawender, Augus.1985	Britzke, Danie.??	Clemenger, John .2010
Back to A....	Bangham, Cliff.1997	Broemser, Edwar.2004	Clifford, Rober.??
Abbey, James.1972	Bara, Edwar.??	Brogden, Ronal.1978	Clingersmith, Leona.2008
Adams, Donal.2007	Barke, Arthu.1998	Bromley, Perry.2008	Close, Eugen.??
Ahern, James.1994	Barnes, Donal.2004	Bryan, Dany .1983	Cohoon, Alan .2003
Alexander, Willi.2004	Barnes, Willi.2000	Buckbee, Willi.1995	Cole, Lesh.??
Alger, Charl.2009	Bastille, John .1998	Buckle, Bert .2014	Coleman, Sam.??
Allbert, Eugen.1998	Batiles, Cayet.2004	Buckles, James.2014	Comfort, Burto.1953
Allison, Raymo.2004	Baxter, Lowel.1986	Budding, Willi.2007	Condron, Raymo.2008
Altenhein, Stanl.2011	Beahm, Ralph.2005	Bunn, Todd .2009	Cook, John .2011

Respectful/difficult NOTE TO SABALO WIVES AND WIDOWS:

We are, and will forever be, honored by your attendance and participation in SABALO events and functions. However, continuing to send *Clever Boy* to widows can not only bring back pleasant memories of better times, but for some, it re-triggers pain. If you can find a moment, please send Ron or Jeff a note stating your preference.

Sabalo Association Membership Data: Our Association charges no dues for membership, for *Clever Boy*, or for other expenses. The *Thank You* on page 2 is to recognize Sabalo shipmates who regularly contribute the cost of mailing *Clever Boy* to our WWII shipmates and to our brothers without email access. For years, many loyal shipmates have also sent donations to our Association’s founder, Jeff Owens, for support of our website and other expenses — Jeff adamantly rejects any form of payment for membership, which is defined as anyone who ever served on Sabalo.

The purpose of this form is to collect your initial data, and to update any address changes which can cost us hours of work whenever we have to re-handle bounced correspondence. **Please** help us keep the following records current:

Name: _____ Spouse/next of kin: _____
 Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____ - _____
 Home Phone: _____ Cell Phone: _____ E-Mail Address: _____
 Years on Sabalo (Month, if known): _____ to _____ Low/Highest Rank/Rate aboard: _____
 Qual Boat # / QYear: _____ USSVI Base: _____ Retired (Y/N, Yr): _____
 Date Of Birth: _____ Home Town: _____

Footnotes:

Bravo Zulu: =“Well Done!” 

NTINS: “Now This Is No Sh*t,” as opposed to Fairy Tales which begin with, “Once upon a time....” Often shortened to: *(T.I.N.S.)*

TBT - Target Bearing Tracker (on the Bridge)

UQC: An underwater telephone (AKA Gertrude). 302’s voice call sign was *Clever Boy* her radio/visual call was NXYO = 

Continued:  The End: 